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THE BELMONT DEMOCRATIC TRADING STAMP POLITICAL SKINDICATE

# Judge

THE BELMONT DEMOCRATIC TRADING STAMP POLITICAL SKINDICATE

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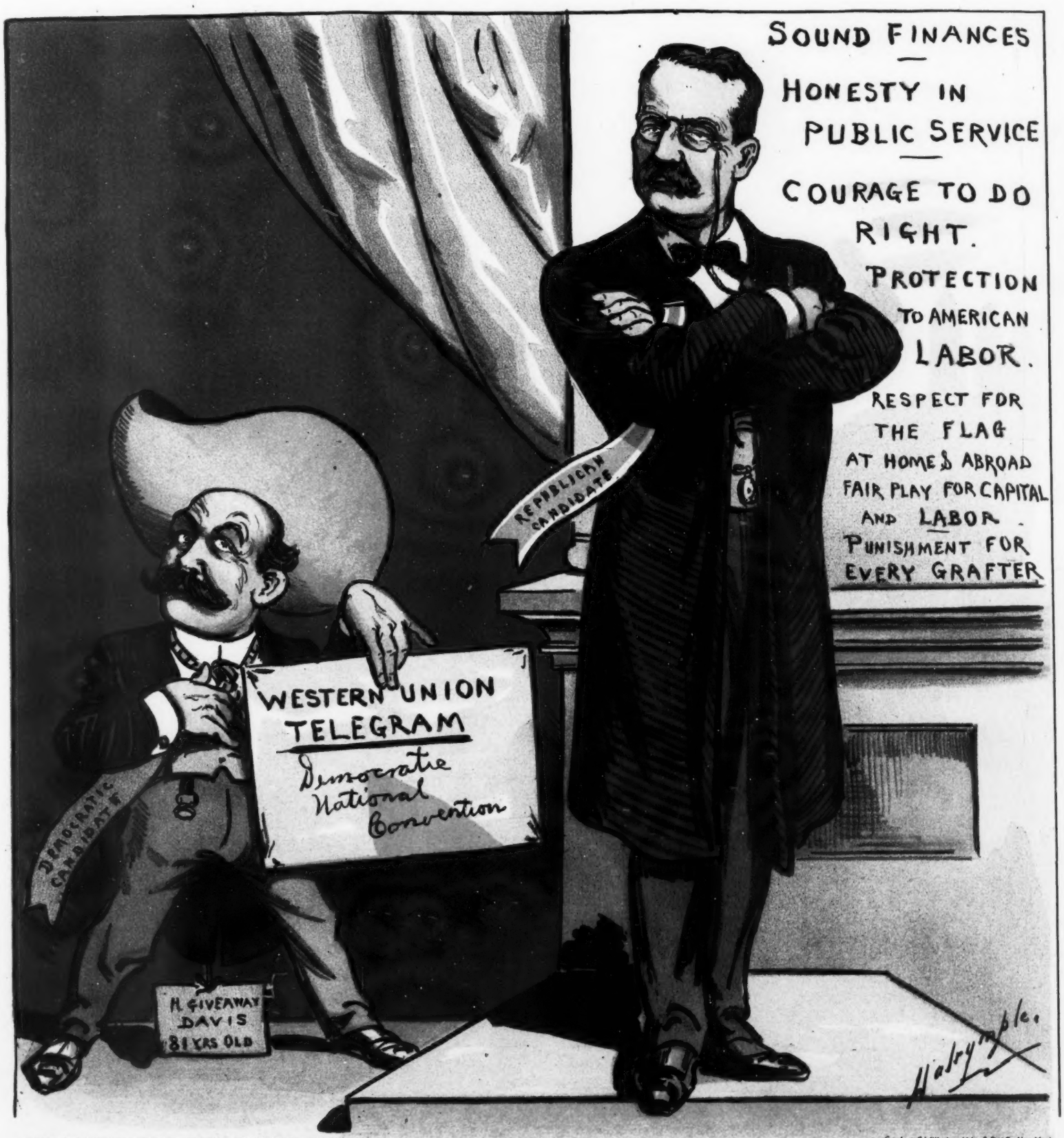


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CAN'T MATCH HIM!

# Judge

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WHEN the average intelligent self-respecting American thinks of old Uncle David in connection with his only famous saying, he unconsciously and at the same time contemptuously quotes it with the accent laid heavily on the rat.

* * *

NOW that the archbishop of Canterbury is about to be entertained by Pierpont Morgan, we feel that it is but due the primate of the English church to say that he will soon prove himself more than ever before to be a worthy and consistent disciple of Christ, who, it will be remembered, accepted the hospitality of one Zaccheus.

* * *

Bill Bryan's cave of silence of quite a week or more,
All thinkers fondly fancy and think from shore to shore,
Is beautifully builded of just a throat that's sore.

Because his spirit ne'er would wax weary, don't you know,
And all things being equal he'd blow and blow and blow—
His voice out of commission will never, never go.

* * *

AS a protector of sound money, Uncle Sam may be said to hold the championship at all weights. Unlike the Esopus variety of Democratic cash-head he does not think silver and talk gold. He only talks the kind of money that talks, and the money that talks is the only kind of money that he thinks. The verbal outpourings of the hungry and anxious cohorts of Hill, directed as they are against the protector of the national safe, fly from him and from his thoughts like the water off the proverbial duck. Consequently the air is well sprayed with the variety of discord that is Democratic harmony, and also embroidered with the strange, weird conceits that unite in the vision of the unhappy creature whose delirium stands upon a foundation of rum, swallowed not wisely but too often. Underhill Parker, the man with telegram, has not yet succeeded in convincing the country that he does not run with the free-silverites and bark with the goldsters. In other words, we do not know whether or not he is eighteen carat or fifty-five cent, athough we feel reasonably sure that on a certain Wednesday in November he will look like the proverbial seven cents in all its severely picturesque sevencentness. Uncle Sam is not losing any sleep or flesh over the outcome of the present canvass. In his mind's eye he sees the votes of ex-soldiers and civilians alike flying Rooseveltward like the leaves of Vallombrosa. He leans against the safe complacently and smiles when he realizes that the next incumbent of the white-house, like the present one, will be Theodore Roosevelt of New York and San Juan.

HE SWEARS BY IT.

MOTHER—"Didn't I hear him using profane language?"
DAUGHTER—"Yes, mamma; but you know his auto only cost seven hundred dollars."

## SEASONABLENESS.

"IT always seems so queer to me,"
The cheerful idiot said,
"To see folks laying in their coal
When summer 's not half dead."

"And yet," the wise guy answered him,
"You've only to think twice
To recollect the ice-man in
The winter lays in ice!"

JACK APPLETON.

---

SOLOMON had just ordered the baby cut in half.

"Alas!" they whispered, "he is no politician. He doesn't seem to know enough to kiss it and get the father's vote."

Sadly the monarch realized that he would be a rank failure in a republic.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

CARLOTTA (*in disgust*)—"Come here, Bedelia, an' quit yer balkin'. Don't yez realize dat de eyes of de woild is on us?"

## THE BREEZE IN THE BOUGH.

HOP light, ladies!
Cake 's all dough.
Nebber mind de wedder
So de wind don't blow.

Jump light, ladies!
Wine all lees.
Nebber mind de wedder
So us is got a breeze.

Skip light, ladies!
Pie 's all crus'.
Nebber mind de wind so
It don't raise a dus'!

Trip light, ladies!
Beer 's all foam.
Nebber mind de wedder
So de wind blow home.

Hop light, ladies!
Nebber mind how.
Us rock-a-way to sleep when
De breeze am in de bough.

MARTHA YOUNG.

---

THERE'S lots of men that judges their own height by the length of the shadows that they cast jest before the sun sets.

## ILLUSTRATED BIRDS.

SPECIES, RAIL-BIRD—Vagarious, non-aquatic? Habitat, old barns and dusty lanes. Lives on hand-outs and its enemies are bull-dogs and work.

THE FOOT-LIGHT THRUSH, OR STARLING—Habitat, theatres and hansom-cabs. Lives on lobsters, two-legged and broiled, diamonds and violets. Drinks champagne for breakfast. This bird is quite fly.

BOBOLINK — Species, American jail-bird. Habitat, Ossining, New York, where there are a great number in captivity. This bird is peculiarly striped.

BLACKBIRD—Habitat, Sixth avenue and the south. Prey, the chicken. Utters a shrill cry of "come-seben" and "comeleben." The northern species have bright and gaudy plumage, and now there are no longer any in captivity they strut about like the whitebird.

SPECIES, GROS(S)-BEAK — Habitat, the earth. Prey, the American eagle. Thrives in any climate.

STALK—Habitat, Rialtos. Lives on hopes, bad eggs, cabbages and newspaper notices. Is accustomed to wings and flies, but is a good walker.

TURTLE-DOVE—Habitat, both hemispheres. Haunts dark corners. Utters a low "goo-goo!" Lives on mush, motto-lozenges and kisses. In some localities is known as "duckie," and in others as "birdie."

NIGHTHAWK—Habitat, Tenderloin. This ferocious bird rarely descends from its perch except to mangle its unwilling prey. Lives on high-rollers, strangers, Willie-boys, belated club-men and other fruit.

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

IDA RENEE IN THE "ROYAL CHEF."

Although the autumn 's smiling upon the landscape dim,
You fill our hearts with summer, and fill them to the brim.
And even when the winter the path with snowdrifts piles,
You fill us with the summer that blossoms in your smiles.
And that is why we're certain, while all our fancies whirl,
That e'er, despite the season, you're high art's summer girl.

## HE WAS CONVINCED.

*Smithby*—"I know I need glasses."

*Oculist*—"How do you know?"

*Smithby*—"Because last night I was reading a newspaper, and I couldn't tell whether or not a certain word was 'building' or 'blinding.'"

*Oculist*—"Which did it turn out to be?"

*Smithby*—"It turned out to be 'bulldog.'"

## THE CONFESSION.

NO ATTEMPT to cover up,
Keeping nothing hid,
Hear the blatant little fool
Yelling "Katy did!"

Ah, were human wisdom yours,
Katy, standing pat,
You would look us over and
Shout, "It was the cat!"

MC LANDBURGH WILSON.

## FRANKFURTEREAN JOY.

GOOD gracious! the frankfurter 's now at its best,
And high on the bleachers I eat it with zest,
And feel that it's helped by the whizzing home-run,
Reclining at peace in the bright, varnished bun.

No matter what people may say as to how
The frankfurter 's made of the juicy bow-wow—
The poodle, the dachshund, the setter, the skye,
Or any old other choice breed of ki-yi—

I eat it with joy and I shout in my glee,
"The frankfurter 's always the sausage for me!
At ball-match or side-show I'm always its slave.
A joy and a symphony—long may it wave!"

## A FRIEND IN NEED.

*Jaggles*—"Does he regret the time he spent as a waiter while working his way through college?"

*Waggles*—"I should say not! Since he graduated it's the only thing that has brought him in a living."

## AN OPINION.

*Jones*—"Mrs. Brown hasn't been looking well for some time."

*Mrs. Jones*—"No, indeed! And I think she looks as if she felt worse than she looks."

PAT'S INFERENCE.

SPIEGELSTEIN (*rapturously*)—"Ach! dot 'Goetterdaemmerung'!"
O'ROURKE—"Oi don't blame ye, me frind. Av Oi knew *how* Oi'd shwear at thot in Dutch mesilf."

CLEVAW BOY!

JONES—"What do you think? Buryemdeep, the undertaker, is going to boom up trade."
SMITH—"Giving away trading-stamps?"
JONES—"Nope; giving away automobiles."

## STYLES FOR FALL AND WINTER.

TIME for change in styles is here.
Read the order without fear.

Brown prevailing, dashed with red,
Will be seen till leaves are dead.

Yellow by the field and sod,
Interlaced with golden-rod.

Later on the trees may wear
All their limbs well stripped and bare.

Mountain-tops, both day and night,
Should be dressed in snowy white.

In the valleys, 'mongst the sage,
Gray in weeds will be the rage.

In midwinter skates are nice
Only when you're cutting ice.

Old gold will be used by all
Who can get it in the fall.

Winter, spring, and summer, too,
This, when mixed with "green,"
will do.

FRANK H. BROOKS.

GETTING EVEN.

MRS. BRIDGES—"Good-bye, Robert. I'm going to Mrs. Wister's to play cards."

MR. BRIDGES—"All right, my dear, and as her husband owes me forty dollars for poker, you'll oblige me by losing that amount and by not paying it."

## HIS METHOD.

'TIS thus I sway
And twist awry,
And cause my gray
Matter to fly.

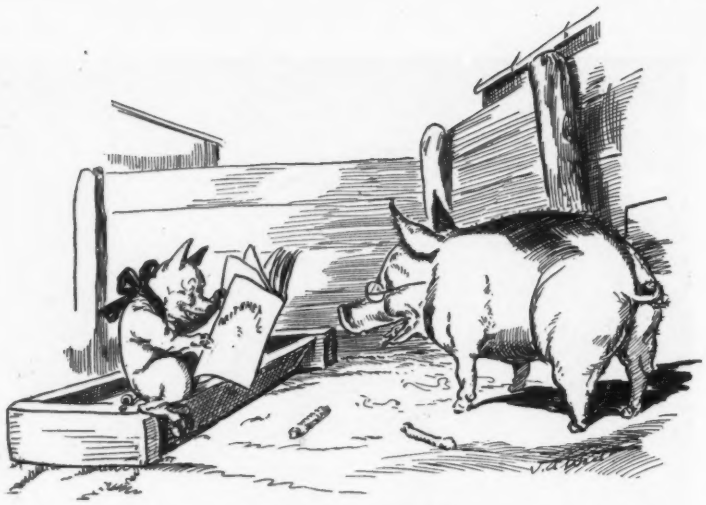
'Tis thus I skip
And leap and vault,
And eke flap-flip
And somersault.

As I salaam,
My airy wit
And epigram
I fairly spit,

That Parker, when
The leaves are brown,
With Davis, Hen.
May quick go down,

Then they will win
And all elate
The land will grin
'Till nineteen-eight.

And that Roosevelt
And Fairbanks may
The great pie belt
Carry that day.



A PRACTICAL STUDENT.

MA HOG—"Well, what are you studying in your arithmetic, piggy?"
PIGGY—"I'm interested very much in a problem of square *root*, ma."

APROPOS.

JOUNCE—"Did you attend the automobile dance at the country club last night?"
BOUNCE—"No. What did they dance—*breakdowns*?"

## AN OLD SALT'S OBSERVATIONS.

I WAS ashore on the coast of Africky. The chief asked me to eat with him an' spend the evenin'. He promised to have a feller show me the way to the ship afterwards. I stayed till midnight. Then I started out and lost my course seventeen times before I got to the boat, meetin' a tiger, a cobra, a hoot-owl and a elephant (wild); fallin' over vines, into holes and ag'inst trees and other things; barkin' my shins, bloodin' my nose, blackin' my eye, stubbin' my toe and losin' my temper. It was an awful dark night. Next day I treated the chief some cool, like, and he asked me why. "You didn't have your man there to show me the way and I got into all sorts of messes. That's why!" says I. "He was there," says he. "I didn't see him," says I. "He was waitin' for you under the tree," says he. "I couldn't see over the tree, let alone under it," says I. "Alas!" says the king, "what have I done? It *was* a dark night, and the man couldn't call to you, for I had his tongue removed recently because he spilled my box of beads. Besides," says he thoughtfully, "he was of the same color as the night. He was of a tint like mine." Then, thinks and says I, he was about as well qualified to lead me through the wilderness as Parker is to save the country.

## A NEW GRIEVANCE.

NO longer I sit behind her hat,
It's something I say that's worse than that.
She's taken a fancy to fix her hair
In a sort of a strange "sky-scraper" affair;
And tho' I may dodge this way and that,
It's as bad as it was behind her hat!

SUSIE M. BEST.

## LITERALLY TRUE.

*Jaggles*—"Was the mermaid very scared when the dime-museum caught fire?"

*Waggles*—"I should say so. She jumped right out of her skin."

## HIS STATUS.

*McGuyer*—"There goes one of our best-known men of letters."
*McGawk*—"Indeed? A novelist, I presume?"
*McGuyer*—"No; he's a sign-painter."

ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.

HIS WIFE (*sweetly*)—"You're so very changeable, John. You made an awful howl this morning when I asked you to split some wood."

## GOLD AND SILVER.

UPON the flute
I fondly play
And, never mute
Throughout the day,

I lift my voice
And gayly shout,
In language choice,
'Tis up the spout

That Parker soon
Will brightly twine,
'Neath sun and moon,
Like the woodbine.

He'll twine and run
And do it soon
'Neath moon and sun
And sun and moon,

Whose tone-waves will
Show him a bold
Big knight of sil-
Ver and of gold.

## THE SPREAD OF A GREAT IDEA.

"AND how about your church debt?"

"Oh, we're not worrying about that. Our pastor, the reverend Goetzmorgen, is going to have the official board form a company, take over the church and transform the indebtedness into preferred stock."

"Would that be a Christian operation?"

"Well, in speaking of it he doesn't use just that expression. He calls it 'applying the higher finance.'"

## A DUTIFUL WIFE.

*Cobwigger*—"Did you spend all that money I gave you this morning?"

*Mrs. Cobwigger*—"Yes, love. If I'd spent only part of it I would have had to wait at the bargain-counter for my change, and then I wouldn't have been home in time for dinner."

## AN INCORRECT SIMILE.

"WELL, we've struck at the shop again," said Tenspot to Hawkins.

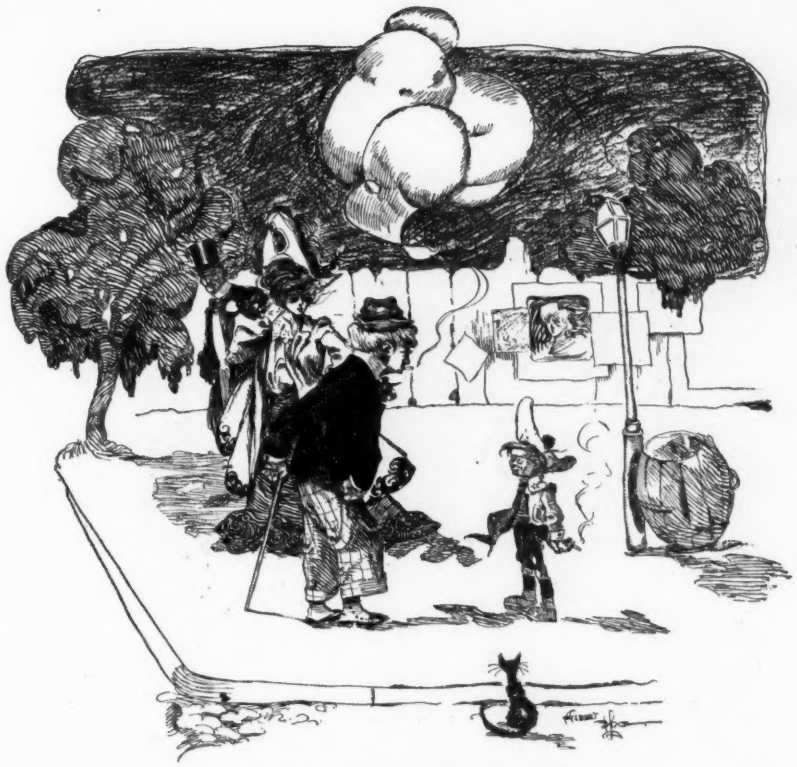
"I thought you had a strike there a month ago."

"We did, and won it. Now we have another strike. We're lightning, I tell you."

"But I thought that lightning didn't strike twice in the same place."

## PASSING OF THE PASTOR.

SHE had a stall at the bazaar
And mused, "What will the pastor buy?"
With eyes that seemed to gaze afar
The cashless pastor passed her by.



WHY SHOULDN'T HE BE GOOD?

"And I suppose you're a very good little boy?"
"That's w'ot! W'y, I only got out o' the reform-school yestiddy."

## SAUCE FOR THE GANDER.

GALILEO invented the clock.

"I thought," he lamented, "it might enable Mrs. G. to really be ready in a minute."

Later, when he found it kept tabs on lodge-night, he realized the boomerang he had contrived.

## HER THOUGHT.

SAID Prissy Ann, "I try to be
A very careful child and learn
From day to day what's good for me—
For knowledge I just yearn and yearn.

To-day, for instance, I have read
'You can't believe half that you hear,'
Which put the thought into my head,
'Then we should listen with one ear.'"

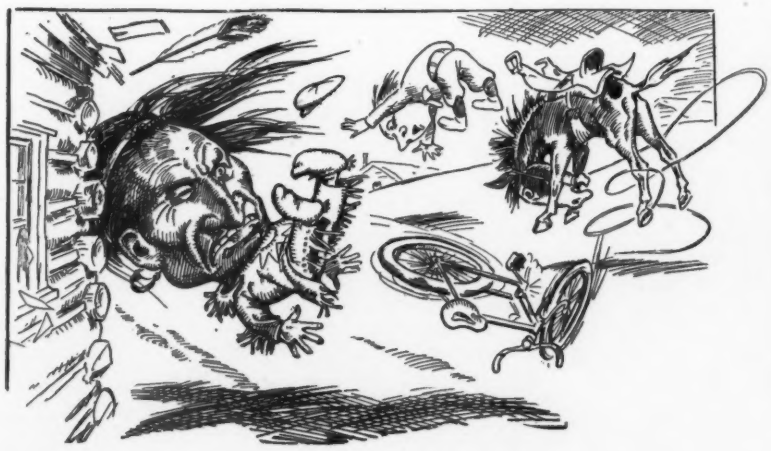
JACK APPLETON.

## THE WINNING HAND.

*Man*—"I see you."

*Bull*—"Well, I'll raise you."

1.



2.

3.

THEY TRADED BACK.

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YOU BET IT

"I regard the gold standard as firmly and irrevocabl estab

Sackett & Wilhelms Litho & Ptg Co. New York

IT IS.

established."—*Extract from Judge Parker's telegram.*

## AUTUMN'S DREAMY HOUR.

THE golden-rod begins to nod as if 'twould sigh good-day, and now we jump to catch the pumpkin pie, beneath whose sway we linger rapt and pleasure-tapt while on the mossy rail the squirrel skips and gayly trips, and caroms on the quail that with delight sings loud, "Bob White," and all the meads with haze are violet and gray, you bet, and all the leaflets blaze in brown and red; and, be it said, the sausage is afloat, and each straw hat, though tall or flat, is salad for the goat. And so we sigh "Oh, dear! oh, my! alack! a-well-a-day! Old Autumn 's here, by mead and mere, and she is here to stay."

## THE JOLLY BEJUM.

THE bejum of Beloot, now dead,
In life was often very merry.
"But for my scimeter," he said,
"Beloot had lacked a scimeterry."

## A FINE ANGLER.

*Madge*—"In what way is she such a clever girl?"

*Marjorie*—"Well, she always knows how many times she can safely refuse a fellow's proposal without losing him altogether."

UP TO "HIM."

MR. SLOWCOACH—"How came your elderly sister's life to be blighted?"
MISS PERTLEIGH—"Hem! She became an old maid while waiting for her bashful lover to propose."

## OFTEN THE CASE.

"YES, she frequently makes breaks. She always says just what she thinks, you know."

"Yes; but do you think she always stops to think what to say?"

## THE POET'S PROVENDER.

MY heart is joyous in the dining-hall,
Whene'er, at noon, the smiling boarding-ma'am
Displays beside the dulcet frittered clam
The still, calm beauty of the cod-fish ball.
And then the chicken of the spring is all
My fancy paints—e'en to the juicy ham
Embroidered with belated eggs I am
Quite partial, for it holds the muse in thrall.
Welsh rabbit makes me mad as a March hare,
For oft when I affect it some one dies
And I'm disposed to pen the threne—or monody.
But, ah! Night brings along her dreadful mare,
Then poesy incontinently flies,
The muse won't work—she simply has strephonody.

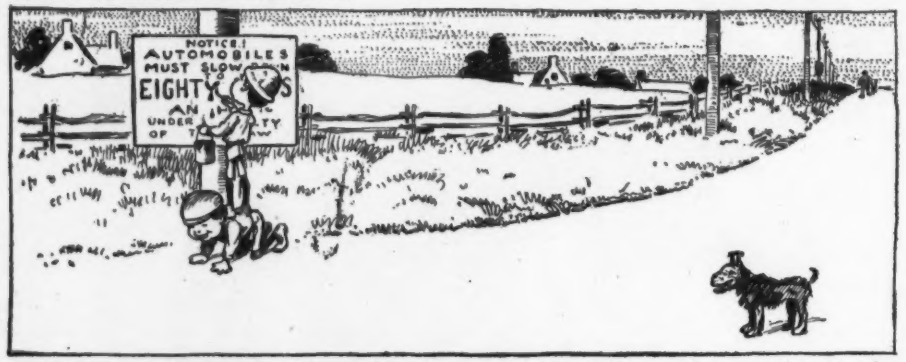
EUGENE GEARY.

---

*Jewell*—"How did the Jones-Robinsons get into society?"

*Duell*—"They were hyphenated in."

1. CONSTABLE—"I say, Bill, those signs are somethin' like. Go 'long and git 'em up and I'll talk business to these fast-runnin' shawfurs."




2. SMALL BOY (*with brush*)—"I say, Johnnie, we'll jest foller Bill up and put in a letter for the shawfurs."

## POOR BURGLAR.

*Mrs. Benham*—"I believe there's a burglar in the pantry where I put the pie I made this afternoon."

*Benham*—"Well, I guess it won't be necessary for me to go down; the pie will do the work."

## CASH!!

"BRIGHT as a dollar," said his dad,
When Louis went to Yale.
The boy, you know, soon learned to row.
He made the records sail.

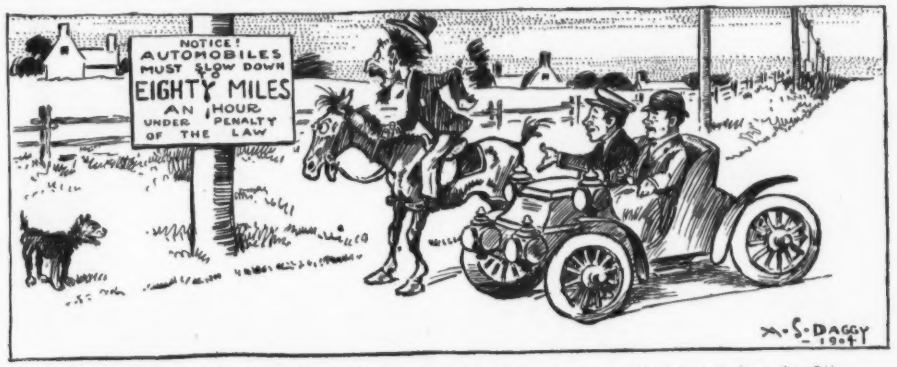
They never call young Louis bright
As a dollar any more,
He won a cup, his stock went up—
He's now a Louis d'oar!

## SO WAGS THE WORLD.

*Freddie*—"What's the difference between a politician and a statesman, dad?"

*Cobwigger*—"Well, when they run against each other the politician gets elected."

3. CONSTABLE—"Hey! Slow up, there. Don't you see those signs—or can't you read?"




4. AUTOIST—"My dear fellow, do you really suppose we were going faster than that?"

THE AUTOMOBILISTS WERE RIGHT WITHIN THE LIMIT.

The young doctor was very proud at being called into consultation.

"I have summoned you, doctor," said the great physician, "because you knew young Cashley at college. Have you reliable information as to his financial condition?"

"Yes, sir. He has half a million in his own name."

"Very well, sir. That will do. I am sure now that he has a serious case of appendicitis, requiring an operation."—*Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.*

Each returning season—every season of the year—brings demand for Abbott's Angostura Bitters—the best blood and nerve renewer.

There once was a pair of young beaux
Who sported the loudest of cleaux,
And the noise that they made
Put the sea in the shade—
By the sound of the serge, I suppeaux.
—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

**OVERHEARD ON THE PIKE.**

*Mr. Easy*—"Why should people visiting the exposition at night use more Allen's Foot-Ease than in daytime?"

*Miss Foote*—"Because under the brilliant illumination of the grounds every foot becomes an acre."

*Mr. Easy*—"Fair, only fair! Pray, conduct me to the nearest drug-store and I promise never to accept a substitute for you or for Allen's Foot-Ease."

*Cholly*—"I did think of going in for politics, but I was afwaid I wouldn't know just how to tweat my infewiahs, don't y' know."

*Pepprey*—"Your inferiors? Oh, you wouldn't be likely to meet any of them."—*Philadelphia Press.*

***"You may become bald, but baldness will not become you."***

Systematic Shampooing with

**Packer's Tar Soap**

**Pure as the Pines**

means healthy hair and scalp and prevents premature baldness

The Packer Mfg. Co., New York.

*Towne*—"That beautiful young heiress we met at Bong Tong beach is in town now."

*Browne*—"Jove! How do you know?"

*Towne*—"Saw her behind the ribbon-counter at Bargen's to-day."—*Philadelphia Press.*

40 Sizes, 10c. to 50c. each
A. SANTAELLA & CO., Makers, TAMPA, Fla.
Sold by First Class Dealers Everywhere.

"And when we're married," he said, "we'll have to take a nice little flat up town somewhere."

"Oh, no, Henry," she replied; "we'll simply have to live somewhere in the country, because I'm sure one of our wedding-presents will be a lawn-mower. Mrs. Subbubs as much as told me she was going to give us one."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Musical people who call at the warerooms of Sohmer & Co. may be assured that they will find what will gratify the most cultivated musical taste in every respect.

*Tired Tatters*—"Dis paper tells erbout a feller w'ot died from ennui."

*Weary Walker*—"W'ot's dat?"

*Tired Tatters*—"It's de feelin' w'ot comes to a man when he gits so lazy dat loafin' 's hard work."—*Chicago News.*

"I made a thousand miles in ten minutes once. Guess that was going some."

"Get down to facts."

"I played another traveling-man for a mileage book and won."—*Detroit Free Press.*

**CHANGE FOOD.**

SOME VERY FINE RESULTS FOLLOW.

The wrong kind of food will put the body in such a diseased condition that no medicines will cure it. There is no way but to change food. A man in Missouri says:

"For two years I was troubled so with my nerves that sometimes I was prostrated and could hardly ever get in a full month at my work.

"My stomach, back and head would throb so I could get no rest at night except by fits and starts, and always had distressing pains.

"I was quite certain the trouble came from my stomach, but two physicians could not help me and all the tonics failed, and so finally I turned to food.

"When I had studied up on food and learned what might be expected from leaving off meat and the regular food I had been living on, I felt that a change to Grape-Nuts would be just what was required, so I went to eating it.

"From the start I got stronger and better until I was well again, and from that time I haven't used a bit of medicine, for I haven't needed any.

"I am so much better in every way, sleep soundly nowadays and am free from the bad dreams. Indeed, this food has made such a great change in me that my wife and daughter have taken it up and we are never without Grape-Nuts on our table nowadays. It is a wonderful sustainer, and we frequently have nothing else at all but a saucer of Grape-Nuts and cream for breakfast or supper." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Good food and good rest. These are the tonics that succeed where all the bottled tonics and drugs fail. Ten days' trial of Grape-Nuts will show one the road to health, strength and vigor. "There's a reason."

Look in each package for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS

**SOHMER PIANOS**

Sohmer Building, 5th Ave., cor 22d St.

Only salesroom in Greater New York.

"Why is Harkins rushing around so excitedly?"

"Why, he says his baby is financially embarrassed."

"Get out! How could a baby be financially embarrassed?"

"Oh, he swallowed a cent, you know."—*Daily Kennebec Journal.*

*She*—"I hear Mr. Smith had a hard time to get his daughters off his hands."

*He*—"Yes; and I hear he's having a harder time keeping their husbands on their feet."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Three things there are in summer-time
That make one fret and stew.
A smart mosquito bite is one,
Tight shoes the other two.
—*Buffalo Express.*

THE discriminating Ale drinker never feels compelled to explain *why* he has such a decided preference for

**Evans' Ale**

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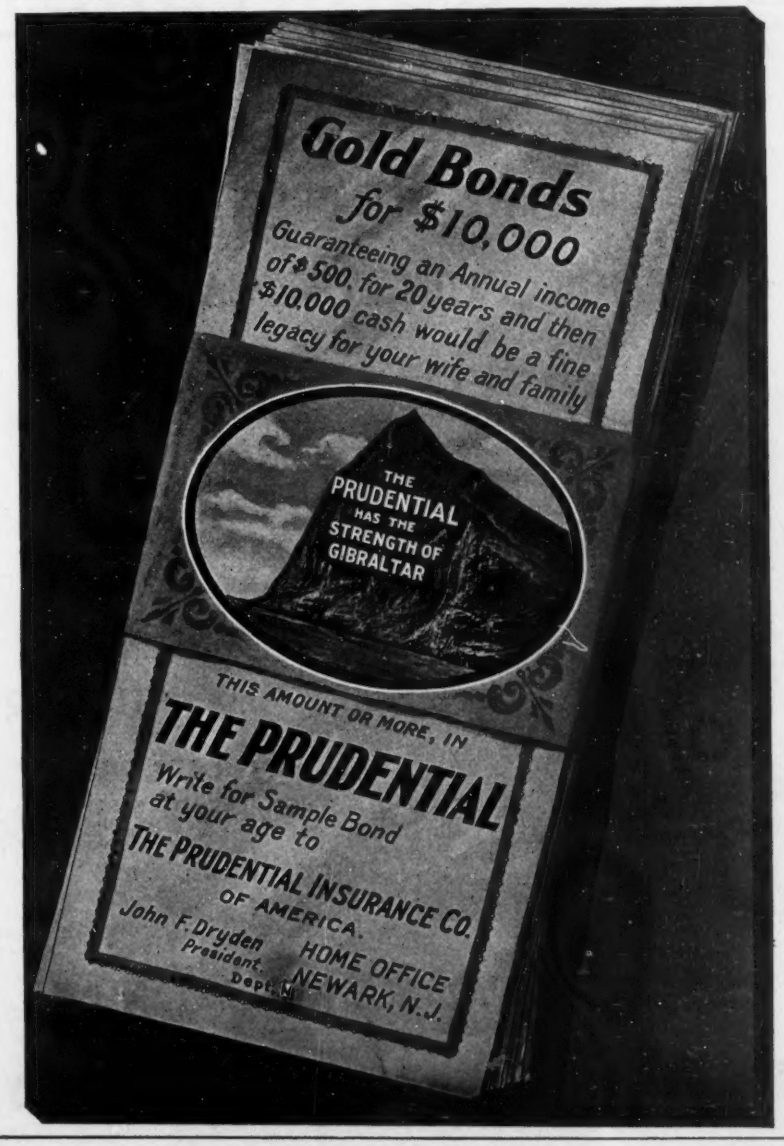
"There are some songs that will never die," said the musical enthusiast.

"I guess that's right," answered Mr. Cumrox. "My daughter sits down at the piano and tries to kill a few of 'em every evening. But it's no use."—*Washington Star.*

*She*—"You told me when we were married that you were well off."

*He*—"I was, but I didn't know it."—*Chicago News.*

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"Here!" shouted the excited guest. "I've been robbed in this hotel."

"Gwan," whooped the clerk, with a big black cigar, frescoed shirt-front and cut-glass pin; "don't begin to holler afore yer bill is made out."—*Detroit Free Press.*

*Mrs. Buggins*—"Those busy neighbors next door who are always peeping through the blinds have an awful lot to say about their family tree."

*Mr. Buggins*—"Huh! I'll bet it's a rubber-plant."—*Philadelphia Record.*

*Ida*—"Was Jack nervous when he stole that kiss on the lawn?"

*May*—"Nervous? Why, the poor fellow thought a lightning-bug was the end of pa's cigar, and he jumped clear over a hedge."—*Boston Post.*

*Miss Hint*—"Do you know anything about baseball, Mr. Staylate?"

*Mr. Staylate*—"Yes, indeed. I was considered the best amateur shortstop in the country a few years ago."

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"It is very grave, madam. I have left an opiate."

"How often shall I give it to him?"

"He needs absolute rest and quiet. Don't give it to him. Take it yourself."—*Collier's Weekly.*

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GENIAL OLD GENTLEMAN—"Well, my little man, I suppose you think yourself pretty clever, eh?"

LITTLE MAN—"Yes. But I don't think myself so clever as I really am!"—*Punch.*

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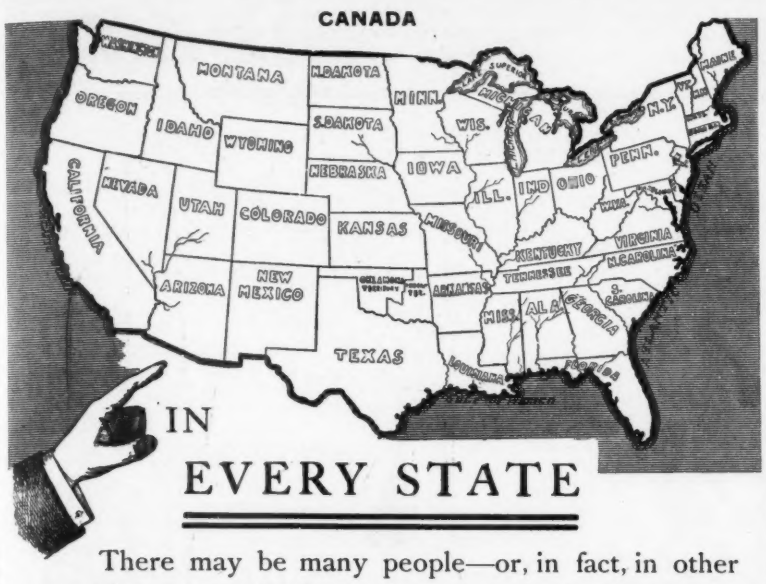


IN

# EVERY STATE

There may be many people—or, in fact, in other countries, too—who have never heard of your goods. Through "*Judge*" *columns* they *can* be reached, and if you make a good argument they will have faith in your advertisement and like your goods.

SELECT A GOOD MEDIUM AND STICK TO IT

A good medium is the best and most faithful *agent* you can have. It works while others sleep.

A man, woman or child in a good mood is more liable to read your advertisement than those who are not. The "*JUDGE*" puts them in a good humor, and when they read your advertisement they remember it.

*ENOUGH SAID.*


"Yes," said the man who uses old-fashioned phrases, "my daughter can make a piano fairly talk."

"If that piano was talking," answered Mr. Cumrox, "the nature of its remarks must have been something fearful."—*Washington Star.*

"Oh, yes; Skinner was a beneficiary under old Roxley's will."

"I didn't know he was a relative of Roxley's."

"He wasn't, but he was attorney for a relative."—*Philadelphia Press.*

*Mrs. A*—"I bought some of that mixture the agent said would cure my husband of drinking if I dropped it in his coffee."

*Mrs. Z*—"Did it cure him of drinking?"

*Mrs. A*—"Yes—of drinking coffee."—*Bangor News.*

*Mrs. Windycity*—"I hear that Mrs. Packer is quite a collector. What is her fad?"

*Mrs. Lakeside*—"Husbands."—*Smart Set.*

WATER ON THE BRAIN.

SILAS SHUCKS—"Here's a New York man thet's havin' a four-million-dollar swimmin'-pool put in his hum."

SALLY SHUCKS—"Sakes alive! he must hev water on the brain."

"Why did he get an automobile?"

"Because the possession of one gave him a line of credit that enabled him to beat other people out of more than it cost."—*Chicago Post.*

Asked why he went to Europe every year, an American author replied, "To get a reputation in America!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*


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It preaches Republicanism as no other periodical does, through forceful and timely cartoons, so that even those who cannot read may understand.

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**225 Fourth Avenue New York**

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Full description accompanies each plate, giving sizes, height of stories, how built and finished, and improvements contained, thus giving information of very great value to everyone contemplating building, as the plans and designs embody the best thought and most careful study of those erecting them, giving real results as to cost and a guide that is safe to follow. These designs and plans have, therefore, a value that can be fully appreciated for their practical utility and stand alone as real examples of how some people's homes are planned and what they cost.

To those wanting homes or selling home sites, members of building associations, land companies, real estate men, those having land to improve, carpenters and builders, and everyone interested or who ever hopes to own a home, these designs are invaluable and will prove of very great value to them. It contains 115 large pages, size 11 x 14 inches. Price, bound in heavy paper cover, sent by mail, postpaid, $1.00. Bound in cloth, $2.00. Sent by mail, postpaid, to any address on receipt of price. Address all orders with remittances to

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## HOW SHALL WE SOLVE THE DIVORCE PROBLEM?

IN WILDS of Texas dwelt Sam Pugh,
A lonely bachelor was he.
He had to cook his own beef stugh
And other things like that, you se;
And if he had a racking cough
No tender hand to nurse was there.
So one day Samuel started ough
Resolved to find a maiden fere.
A near-by town—'twas somewhat tough—
Revealed a damsel, trim and neat.
Said happy Samuel, "You're the stough!
Shall we before the parson meat?"

She shyly blushed, and said, "Although
I scarcely know you, still I see
That you're o. k., and I will gough
Along with you and married bee."
Sam grinned with joy. It thrilled him through.
So they were wed and Sam was glad
And gently whispered, "I love yough!"
It was a magic ride they had
Across the prairie, which the plough
Had never touched. Then, when at home,
Sam gayly said, "Now I'll allough
That from this ranch we'll never rome."

And now there is a son and heir
Who plays before the ranchman's door.
You'd love to see that happy pheir.
Sam's never lonely any moor.
Their joy it would be hard to gauge.
It's free from quarrels and deceit.
Sam never gets into a rauge
And Mary's temper's just as sweit.
A man more true and free from guile
Or of a more contented mien;
A woman with a happier smuile
I'll bet a cent you've never sien.

And if all folk were like these two
With lives in harmony so keyed
The lawyers would have less to dwo.
Divorce courts we should never neyed
To undo marriages, because
The hearthstones where true love holds reign
Are ruled without the aid of lause—
In happiness instead of peign.
So from these two a lesson learn—
A lesson big and wise and true.
Oh, do not from its moral tearn!
It will help all, both me and yue.

---

The *Four-Track News* is out, and all along the line grim care is up the spout; and many readers shine with broad-gauge happy grins, which show they are quite, the while their fancy spins, in Edens of delight. The *Four-Track News* is just the sort of thing that preens its wings and gives the dust to rival magazines. It is a mental food for breakfast or for tea, and any sort of mood it fits 'way up in g. So pull your shekel forth and buy the *Four-Track News*, that east, west, south and north the dish of knowledge stews, and puts you on your pins although you've not a cent, and wakes your fondest grins and pays the monthly rent. For further particulars apply to George H Daniels, publisher, 7 East Forty-second street, New York city.

---

"How you gwine vote in de president 'leckshun?"

"Dunno. I ain't been 'proached yit."

"Ain't been 'proached?"

"No; neither de 'Publikins ner de Dimocrats hez hed enterprise 'nuff ter make me a propersition!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

---

"Oh, just listen to me," finally exclaimed Mrs. Chatters, self-reproachfully, "annoying you with all this talk about Mrs. Nexdore's shameful treatment of me and all my other troubles!"

"Not at all, my dear," replied the man, rather ambiguously; "I'm glad to hear it."—*Philadelphia Press.*

IN CHICAGO.

"So he gave his wife a thousand dollars to get a divorce?"
"Yes; but she spent it for new clothes and now looks so stunning he has offered her another thousand to stick to him."

SURBRUG'S
# Arcadia
MIXTURE.

"No one who smokes the Arcadia would ever attempt to describe its delights, for his pipe would be certain to go out." *My Lady Nicotine.*

A comfortable face is worth many times the price of Williams' Shaving Soap.

Williams' Shaving Sticks and Tablets sold everywhere. The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

A Positive Relief For PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING, and SUNBURN, and all afflictions of the skin.
Removes all odor of perspiration. Delightful after Shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). *Sample Free.*
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*The Wine Says The Rest*

"Appearances are deceitful," is an old saying, which was illustrated by an old lady in one of our banks a few days ago.

She drew out a sum very near the one-thousand-dollar mark. The banker kindly asked her if she did not wish an escort to her destination in order to insure protection for the large amount. Looking calmly at the banker, she replied, "Why, nobody would think I had more than a dollar and a quarter!"—*Rumford Falls Times.*

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COOK'S Imperial Extra Dry CHAMPAGNE

SERVED EVERYWHERE

*Mrs. Hystyle*—"Poor Percy had a sad experience on his last trip to Philadelphia!"

*Mr. Hystyle*—"Accident?"

*Mrs. Hystyle*—"Yes; he lost his London and Paris labels off his grip."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

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THE PESSIMIST.

The rain is coming down in sheets;
It makes me sad to think about
The mud that will be in the streets
And all the crops and things washed out.

THE OPTIMIST.

This rain will wash the dirt away
And leave the pavements nice and clean;
I needn't use the hose to-day
To keep the front yard looking green.
—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

*Father*—"Come, Tommy, it's time for bed."

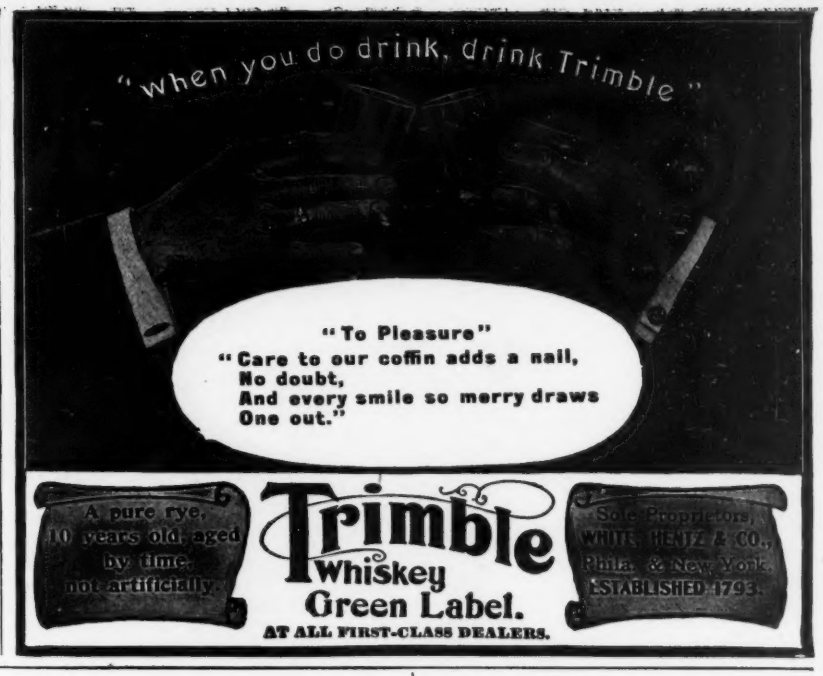
*Tommy*—"Not much, it ain't."

*Father*—"What's that? Come in here this instant!"

*Tommy*—"Not on your life! Us boys have organized, an' we're strikin' fur twelve hours' play an' more candy."—*Philadelphia Press.*

*Mother*—"Yes, Johnny; angels guard your slumber."

*Johnny*—"Well, then, why won't you let pa sleep in church?"—*New York Sun.*



SOUR GRAPES.

FIRST SCORCHER—"Call *that* exercise?"
SECOND SCORCHER—"No. *I* call it sitting in a draught!"
—*Punch.*

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—*New York Sun.*

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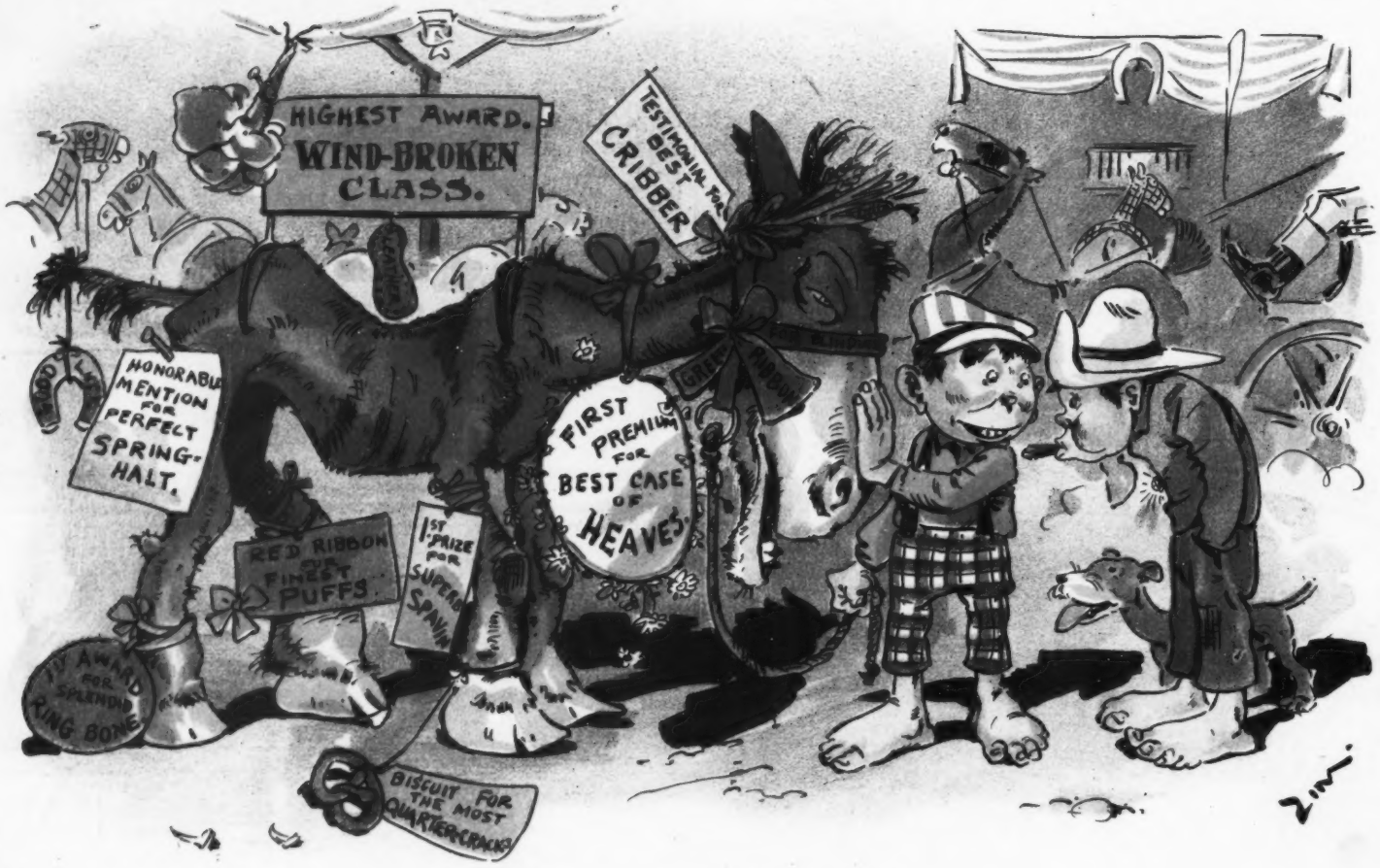


RETURNING FROM THE HORSE-SHOW.

TOMMY—"Gee! did he take a prize?"
REDDY THE SPORT—"Wot! did he take a prize? Well, yer bet yer tintype; he took all de prizes fer de best all-round in his class."

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EVOLUTION OF THE PLAY.

SILAS JAY—"Was that ere show at the opree-hall last night a comedee?"
STOREKEEPER—"Well it started in to be a comedy, but, judging from the sale of limed eggs, I reckon it ended in a tragedy."